



Brightest and Best of the Sons of the Morning.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid, Star of the East, the horizon adorning, Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining, Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall, Angels adore him in slumber reclining, Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion, Riches to ransom, and offerings divine, Glimpses of Heaven, and glories of heav'n, Myrrh, incense, and gold, from the mine?

Valley we offer each ample oblation, Vainly with gifts would his favor secure, Richer by far is the heart's adoration, Deeper by far are the prayers of the poor. —Bishop Heber.



Everybody said Michael Flanagan would "get broken" if he wasn't more severe on his beat. Crime was rampant everywhere in the city, and there was a loud outcry against the police for not putting an end to it.

The evils complained of could not be localized in any particular quarter, they seemed to be smeared all over, emanating, or belching out, however, from certain well-known centers, or "tough" precincts along the river. Officer Flanagan's beat was in the worst of one of these "slum" districts, but the strangest thing about it was the fact that at night it was the quietest and most orderly portion of the city. As he explained to the chief, who privately grumbled because he did not "run in" a patrol wagon load of suspicious characters every night:

"Tis at night I'm on duty, Chief, an' divil a hide or a hair of the ugly birds is to be then found in the dirty nest. They're all over beyond in the respectable quarter plunderin' hens' nests an' lootin' family diamonds. You wouldn't have me leave my beat to follow them in their wanderin'?"

"Certainly not," replied the chief, severely, "that might cost you your job."

"Then, how the divil am I to run in them as are not in my beat?"

The chief laughed. "You're too easy with the toughs, Flanagan. You must be more severe. I am told you act more like a grandpapa than a policeman. It will not do; you must be harsh. Kindness will



"You're too easy, Flanagan!" never reform the criminal classes, officer. Make a record of arrests; run in a wagon load occasionally to satisfy the public clamor."

"May the divil seize me if I turn brute to satisfy what the chief calls 'public clamor,'" muttered Flanagan as he left his chief. "They're poor, an' live in dirt an' vulgarity, but that doesn't make them criminals. Put them in good clothes, give them decent food an' drink, an' let them ride in automobiles, an' they'd be as fine as the fellows as is makin' the public clamor, begobhs!"

When he went on duty that night, Officer 4954 had made up his mind to be very severe and know neither friend nor foe. "I'll exterminate the beat by depopulatin' it. 'Tis the only way I know, I'll run in every rascal—hell I can lay my hands on." And he walked along, fiercely swinging his club, in deep meditation. Suddenly a violent push from behind nearly upset him, and, turning quickly, he made a grab, catching a small, elfish girl by the arm.

"I have one already, begobhs! What do ye mean by assaultin' the majesty of the law? 'Tis high treason you're committin'," and he said in what was intended to be a very severe tone of voice, but there was a humorous twinkle in his eye as he recognized his little enemy, Patsey.

If anybody had called her Patricia, which was truly her real name, she would not have fainted, for she was not one of the fainting kind, but she would have considered the language as some new kind of abuse, and resented it with a handful of mud, of which there was plenty within easy reach.

The child was hardly 10 in years, but an adult in precocious knowledge. She was more than comely, she was positively pretty when her face was clean and her lovely hair free from tangles and snarls. But in her usual squalid rags, unkempt hair and her face resembling that of a young eagle peering through a dust brush, she was as ugly as sin and as hateful as an in-

fant demon. Flanagan, however, had seen into the heart of the little maid, and he cherished her.

She lived, or rather existed, down a damp, filthy cellar, with an old crone who was not her mother, but who had stolen her somewhere and thought to make her useful, and who spent more time in administering blows to force her to grow up crooked than in training her infant mind in the direction of a higher life. Patsey was evidently going to the dogs, but she was not aware of that fact, never having known anything better than her present surroundings. She had no regard for the law as personified by the police, and therefore did not scruple to take liberties with its dignity.

"Patsey, my darlin', I've a mind to run ye in. 'Tis the orders from headquarters, an' I may as well begin with ye since ye have put yourself in the way of it. How would ye like that, mavourneen?"

"Fine," answered Patsey, dancing with glee. "A nice warm corner in the lock-up hot breakfast in the morning, and nobody to lick me. Come on, cop." And she thrust her small hand into his big one, endeavoring to pull him to the patrol box.

Flanagan looked down quizzically at the small, eager creature who was



"Come on, cop!" smiling up at him fearlessly and dancing about with joy at the very idea of being run in as a disorderly character.

"Easy now, chicken, ye haven't the idea in mind. I'll not run ye into the lock-up, but into better quarters," said he, following an inspiration. "How would ye like to go home with me, Patsey, an' be one of my little ones? I have two already, an' I yearn for a third. Ye shall have your fill of good eatin' an' drinkin', no beatin's, an' go to school. What do ye say, my girl?"

Patsey's eyes grew large with astonishment, and pushing back her elfin locks, for all answer, she pressed her tender lips upon his great, rough hand. The mute appeal almost broke the big man's heart, and he brushed his eyes with the back of his free hand. Taking her up in his arms, he said:

"Be ready, darlin'. In the morn when I go off duty, I'll come an' get ye an' have a brush with the old woman for ye." She pressed her cheek close to his in token of affection and thus he carried her to the corner of the alley and sat her down, bidding her be good and go to sleep without any more rampaging about.

Mrs. Flanagan was as bad as her husband in such things. "Tis only one more small mouth to fill, an' we'll fill it, please God. Now, away you to bed, Mike, an' by the time ye are ready for duty this night, I'll have the child made over so that you'll not know her."

Patsey's lines had indeed fallen in pleasant places. She soon forgot her coarseness and vulgarity in the pure surroundings of a home, and, animated by the force of good examples, she soon became a model young lady. She was treated as one of the family, and her tractability and amiable disposition captured the heart of every one with whom she came in contact. Her vivacity and beauty attracted the attention of many, who wondered why Flanagan had a daughter so different from the rest of the family.

"Faith, 'tis all hereditary influence," he explained. "There's my old woman Ellen, she's not a beauty, but her heart is, an' as for myself, I'm just what ye see, an' two of my girls take



"I've a mind to run ye in," after us. Did ye ever see my great-grandmother? No, eh? Well, she was grand; she was the beauty of the whole county, an' 'tis from her that my Patsey draws her looks." He said this so often in all seriousness that he not only made others believe it, but he actually believed it himself.

But a turning point came in Patsey's life. A childless woman of means had often noticed the bright, vivacious girl, and, wanting a com-

panion, approached Michael and his wife on the subject.

"What me give up me own flesh an' blood? I am astonished, ma'am, that ye should make me such a proposition!"

"Nonsense," said the lady with asperity, "she is no more yours than she is mine. You picked her up somewhere in your rounds. It was a jewel you found, to be sure, but I can better afford to give her a future than you. Give her the chance, man. She deserves it at your hands."

Then the whole story came out, and the lady was more determined than ever to have the girl, believing that blue blood was in her veins. Finally, Michael and his wife submitted to the pain of separation for the good of the child. She herself refused and threatened to run away and hide in the slums if they tried to force her to leave her "cop," as she always called Flanagan. But gentle persuasion accomplished the desired result, and she at last consented to be good and go with the lady.

"Remember, Patsey darlin'," said Flanagan in his last interview with his pet, "I am always your father."

"You and no other shall ever find that place in my heart," she said as she broke from his arms and ran away sobbing as if her heart would break.

Many years passed, and Flanagan did not hear from his lost Patsey. That was part of the hard bargain wrung from him by the lady who adopted her. "Some time you will meet her, but better let her alone so as not to spoil her future," was what the lady said.

By and by reverses came to the good man; first, his faithful companion went, then his daughters; one after the other was stricken down by the great destroyer, until Flanagan, left alone, became indeed negligent through over-much brooding. Instead of a stern policeman running in wagon loads of unfortunates to satisfy the public clamor to suppress crime, he was the guardian, comforter and consoler of the afflicted, sorrowful and heavy laden in his beat. At last he was charged with being a shielder of criminals, and as he made no defense, he was "broken," as everybody had predicted he would be. This cost him his right to a pension, and very soon he became dependent and fell ill. His sister, the Widow Malone, a woman of spare means, took in washing and ironing and went out occasionally to do a day's work, thus managing to keep the wolf from the door. She would not hear of Michael's being sent to the County hospital.

"Not while I have the breath in me body to earn a penny shall Mike be taken from me. 'Tis he that ought to be livin' in a palace. Hospital, indeed!"

The sick man, who was really suffering a decline occasioned by sor-



"Run, Mary, to Patsey!" row, thought of Patsey continually. "She's the only one living of all, an' she'll come to her old father soon." By and by this thought grew upon him until he fixed the date for her return to his arms. "She'll be here on Christmas morn," he told everybody who came to see him, and on Christmas morning he awoke early and called to his sister:

"Mary, I dreamed of little Patsey last night; three times I dreamed of her. I thought she was here. Where have you hid her, Mary?" he demanded querulously. "Fetch her to me, Mary. My heart aches to see her."

"Faith, your Patsey's like all the rest ye spent good money on. They're all forgotten ye in your need."

"No, no, Mary, Patsey would never forget—listen, Mary," and he held up his finger. "The sound of wheels—they stop at the door—run, Mary, 'tis Patsey, mavourneen."

The door flew open and in rushed a lovely, magnificently dressed young lady, who literally cast herself upon the sick man, hugging and kissing him while weeping tears of joy.

Flanagan thought he was dreaming, for he lay still some moments submitting to the delicious caresses, but by and by his brain cleared and he awoke to the reality.

"Patsey, acushla, they're all gone but you, an' you did not forget?"

"Never, never, dearest father," sobbed the girl.

"Patsey, do ye mind that 'tis Christmas morn. Let us give thanks, Patsey darlin'." Which they did in each other's arms.

"Mary, I think I'll get up an' have a turkey dinner. I've not had one for years."

"And I'll have it with you," said Patsey. "And to-morrow, too, and every day of your life hereafter you shall have a Christmas dinner if you wish."

"Includin' turkey, Patsey? I think I could eat a whole one."

AS THE WORLD REVOLVES

WELL-KNOWN EDITOR DEAD.

Rev. Henry Clay Trumbull Passes Away at Philadelphia.

Rev. Henry Clay Trumbull, D. D., the well-known editor of the Sunday School Times, died at his residence in Philadelphia at the age of 73.

Dr. Trumbull was a Christian soldier in an actual and a literal sense.



REV. HENRY C. TRUMBULL

During the civil war he was the chaplain of a Connecticut regiment, and on several occasions was the inmate of rebel prisons, but upon his release he invariably returned to his regiment. He was born at Stonington, Conn., Jan. 8, 1830, and received his education at Stonington Academy and Wiliston Seminary. He was ordained a Congregational minister in 1862, previous to which he had been in the railroad business. After the close of the war he became secretary of the American Sunday School Union, and in 1878 he took charge of the Sunday School Times. He made an extensive trip to Egypt and the Holy Land in 1881-86, and two years later was Lyman Beecher lecturer at the Yale divinity school. Dr. Trumbull was a copious writer, chiefly on religious topics. Among his best-known books are "War Memories of an Army Chaplain," "Friendship the Master Passion," and "Kadesh-Barnea," the latter being the outcome of Oriental investigation touching the wanderings of the Israelites in the exodus.

REAR ADMIRAL GHERARDI DEAD.

Was a Prominent Naval Commander in the Civil War.

Rear Admiral Bancroft Gherardi, U. S. N. (retired), died at his home in Stratford, Conn., last week of diabetes, complicated with nephritis. The admiral had made his home in that city since he retired from active service.

Admiral Gherardi was prominent in many of the naval engagements of the civil war, and as early as 1862 made a name for himself in the fight with Fort Macon, and he especially distinguished himself at the battle of Mobile Bay. He was born at Jackson, La., Nov. 10, 1832, and joined the navy in 1846, later passing through the naval academy. He was made a com-



REAR ADMIRAL GHERARDI

mander in 1866, captain in 1874, commodore ten years later, and in 1887 was promoted to be a rear admiral. Meanwhile he had served on the board of examiners for promotion and had been commandant of the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Admiral Gherardi was placed on the retired list Nov. 10, 1894. He was an officer in the Military Order of Foreign Wars.

Thought Frohman Was Cheap. Charles Frohman, the theatrical manager, regretfully concludes that his appearance lacks distinction in some way. He bases this opinion on a recent experience at the door of the Broadway theater. "I was passing in on my way to a rehearsal," he says, "when a young man, evidently one of the justly hated ticket scalpers, touched my elbow and offered me a dollar. 'Say,' he mumbled, 'do me a little favor, will you? Go up to the box office and buy me two 50-cent seats for to-night.' I should not have felt so insulted," concluded Mr. Frohman, "were it not that I aspire to look like a man who might safely engage a box or at least an orchestra chair without exciting suspicion."

Wall Street Beggars.

Begging in Wall street is conducted on a scale commensurate with all the big dealings in the financial district. When two well-known professional "panhandlers" were sent to prison the other day the fact came out that they had secured \$5 and a suit of clothes from D. G. Reid, \$20 from William C. Whitney and \$3 from W. B. Leeds of the American Tin Plate Company. According to the police the prisoners were members of a "panhandling" corporation which operated extensively throughout the financial district.

BEFORE THE PUBLIC EYE

UNEASY IN NEW POSITION.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon Chafes Under Necessity for Dignity.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon confesses to his personal friends that he sometimes chafes under the restriction of his office as speaker of the house of representatives. Way down deep in his heart he feels that he would sometimes be easier in a rough and tumble debate on the floor than in the speaker's chair struggling to wield the gavel with solemn dignity and in strict accordance with parliamentary law. "If I could only use both hands in presiding over this house," he remarked in all earnestness, "I might handle this speakership job with more satisfaction to myself and in a manner more acceptable to the brethren on the floor. It's no use, I can't do myself justice in talking when I am compelled by custom to keep my hands still. I am ill at ease when I try to strike a dignified attitude with one hand resting on the book of rules and the other leaning on the gavel. I give more thought to controlling my hands than I do to what I am trying to say."

MACARTHUR MUST EXPLAIN.

General to Be Asked About His Prediction of War With Germany.

It is announced from Washington Gen. Arthur MacArthur will be called upon by Secretary Root to explain his statement at Honolulu that war between the United States and Germany is inevitable.

The denial by the general of the correctness of statements in Col. Jones' report to Governor Carter at Honolulu was regarded as carrying with it the nature of an explanation.



GEN. ARTHUR MACARTHUR

but it was held that remarks of the character delivered in private conversation did not necessarily shield an officer from the requirement of an explanation.

It was therefore decided, in view of the publicity given and the important bearing of the matter to call for an explanation from Gen. MacArthur when he returns here the latter part of the month.

CHINESE SETTLE IN HAWAII.

Celestials Are Rapidly Ousting White Men from the Islands.

An investigation that has been carried on in Hawaii by the American Federation of Labor has brought out some facts that are of interest to all American wage workers. It appears that Hawaii is to-day a Chinese colony, ruled by a handful of sugar planters. Out of a population of 154,000, 87,000 are Mongolians and only 28,000 are Americans and Europeans. Wages are being lowered to the Chinese standard and the planters are now bringing in 10,000 Koreans, who will work for still lower wages.

The Mongolians have driven out the hackmen, storekeepers, clerks, barbers, restaurant keepers and mechanics.

From present appearances it would seem as though Hawaii were to be made a half-way house between China and the United States as soon as the Chinese exclusion act can be evaded.

TALKS OF ECONOMIC REFORMS.

University Professor Sees Sweeping Changes in the Future.

Prof. Albion Woodbury Small, who predicts sweeping economic reforms, has been head of the department of sociology in the University of Chi-



PROF. ALBION W. SMALL

cago since 1892. He was born at Buckfield, Me., May 11, 1854, and is a graduate of Colby College and of Newton Theological Seminary. He also has studied in the universities of Berlin and Leipzig. Prof. Small was president of Colby College from 1889 to 1892 and is editor of the American Journal of Sociology.

Sun's Rays for Patients. Dr. Felegin in the Maritime Alps makes his patients live in houses set on turn tables, so that all sides may be exposed to the sun's rays.

Sings to the Sick. The following advertisement recently appeared: "I will gladly sing to the sick or those who are unable to leave their homes."

Urban Population. Thirty-seven per cent of the American people now live in cities of more than 4,000 inhabitants.



Another club woman, Mrs. Haule, of Edgerton, Wis., tells how she was cured of irregularities and uterine trouble, terrible pains and backache, by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—A while ago my health began to fail because of female troubles. The doctor did not help me. I remembered that my mother had used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound on many occasions for irregularities and uterine troubles, and I felt sure that it could not harm me at any rate to give it a trial."

"I was certainly glad to find that within a week I felt much better, the terrible pains in the back and side were beginning to cease, and at the time of menstruation I did not have nearly as serious a time as heretofore, so I continued its use for two months, and at the end of that time I was like a new woman. I really have never felt better in my life, have not had a sick headache since, and weigh 20 pounds more than I ever did, so I unhesitatingly recommend your medicine." —MRS. MAY HAULE, Edgerton, Wis. Pres. Household Economics Club. —\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Harvest Work. The harvest of wheat alone engages about 1,000,000 men and 50,000 teams three months of the summer, while at least 10,000 women are needed to prepare food for the workers. The harvest of other crops employ less men, but the entire number of harvesters needed in gathering the crops of the United States has been estimated at 1,520,700—that is, exclusive of the farmers that reside on their own land and aid in the harvest.

Sensible Housekeepers will have Defiance Starch, not alone because they get one-third more for the same money, but also because of superior quality.

Moorish Water Clocks. Among the curious features of Toledo which unfortunately remain no longer, were water clocks, devised by a Moorish genius named Az-Zarcal, who placed them on the banks of the Tagus so that the people could read the time. They were run by water power, and were so famous that Daniel Meriac, an English astronomer, came all the way from Oxford in 1185 to study them.

Dirigible Balloons. Count Zappellin having again acquired the necessary funds, will renew the experiments with dirigible balloons on Lake Constance, which he discontinued a year ago.

Modern Horticulture. "It do beat all how many people air goin' in fer hortyculture," remarked Farmer Sorghum. "I don't see nothin' in the papers no more 'cept somethin' 'bout graftin'."

Origin of Drug Store Signs. Colored globes in drug store windows were first displayed by the Moors of Arabia and Spain.

Well Remembered.

Valley City, N. Dak., Dec. 14.—Two years ago Mrs. Matilda M. Boucher of this place suffered a great deal with a dizziness in her head. She was cured of this by a remedy called Dodd's Kidney Pills, and has not been troubled since.

Shortly afterwards she had a bad bilious attack, and for this she used Diamond Dinner Pills and was completely cured in a short time.

In January, 1903, she had an attack of Sciatica, of which she says: "I was almost helpless with the Sciatica, but remembering what Dodd's Kidney Pills and Diamond Dinner Pills had done for me before, I commenced a treatment of these medicines and in three weeks I was completely restored to health. I have great faith in these medicines, for they have been of so much benefit to me."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are very popular in Barnes County, having made a great many splendid cures of Sciatica, Rheumatism and Kidney Troubles. Many families use no other medicine.

Brave men scarcely ever faint unless their wives ask them to discharge the cook.